Northern Messenger

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Remarkable Answer to Prayer

The following statement is accredited by the evangelist whose prayer was answered, and we have completely satisfied ourselves, after careful inquiry from all the parties, that every fact is exactly true. Names are omitted. The evangelist, who is well known to us, writes as follows:—

'When I was first converted, in 1890, I was well off and doing a good business. After my conversion I commenced evangelistic work, and then God called me to go through a trial of faith, as I watched my income decrease month by month because my customers were offended by my preaching. When I thought of my wife and children I was often sorely tempted to draw back from the active service in the Gospel, but God spoke to me through Isa. I., 7, and II. Tim. iv., I., and I continued. At last I received nothing at all from my business, and I had sold all I had to buy necessaries. I had no other work, and for several years I simply lived by taking every need direct in prayer to God, and receiving from him in answer just when required. through some anonymous donor.

'I will give you one instance now in detail. I had been invited in April by Mr. A—— to come and hold a ten days' mission in the town of X., more than six hundred miles distant, commencing on the 29th of June following, and at the end of his letter he put, "This is a call from God"; and after a prayer for guidance, I so accepted it. Now June had come, and I had been advertised in the city to commence my mission, but I had no money to pay my fare to the place. During the last week before the 29th my wife said to me more than once, "I don't see how you can go"; and I only said, "God has commissioned me to go, and he will send me the money." I never mentioned to anyone that I was in need, but I cried much to God. The last day came, and I packed my valise and said good-bye to wife and children and went to my office.

'About 11.30 a.m., I was standing by the office table tying my papers and books, and my valise was on the floor, when a knock came to the door and a gentleman walked in and said to me, "Good morning, Mr. N——! Are you going to X. to hold a mission?" I said, "Yes, I am." He said, "Have you got enough money to pay your fare?" I said "No." He then put his hand in his pocket and took out three sovereigns, which was just enough to cover the cheapest fare to X. After thanking him, I asked him if he could explain to me what caused him to come to me. He told me that it was due to a remarkable dream he had had during the night, and I asked him to write out the details and send them to me.

'That letter is now before me, and is an account of his dream. He says: "About the dream, I never saw you more distinctly in my life. I was in your office, and you were arranging your papers in my dream. In answer to questions I gathered that though all ready to go to X., you had not sufficient money to pay the fare, and I knew that it was really because I had doubts on this point that I had called to see you. Then I saw in my dream that I gave you three sovereigns; and it was made very clear to me that all you had was 8s. 6d. When I awoke in the morning I was somewhat tempted to regard the dream as the result of a disordered digestion, but after prayer to God I felt certain I had to hand you £3 out of a little fund specially dedicated to him." The writer of this letter is now living, and actively engaged in Gospel work.'—'Evangelical Alliance Quarterly.'

A BASUTO CHIEF AND HIS SONS.

—'South African Pioneer.'

How and When to Stoop.

Benjamin Franklin, when a young man, visited the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. When the interview was ended, the reverend gentleman showed him, by a back way, out of the house. As they proceeded along a narrow passage, the doctor said to the lad, 'Stoop! Stoop!' Not immediately comprehending the meaning of the advice, he took another step, and brought his head pretty violently against a beam that projected over the passage. 'My lad,' said the Divine, 'you are young, and the world is before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard thump.'

Not an easy science to learn, is it? the science of stooping gracefully and at the right time. When a man stands before you in a passion fuming and foaming, although you know that he is both unreasonable and wrong, it is folly to stand as straight, and stamp as hard, and talk as loud as he does. This places two temporary madmen face to face. Stoop as you would if a tornado were passing.

It is no disgrace to stoop before a heavy wind. The reeds bend to the wind, while the unyielding oak is torn up by the roots. It is just as sound philosophy to echo back the bellowing of a mad bull, as it is to respond in kind to the ravings of a mad man or—pardon me, ladies—of a mad woman. Stoop! gracefully, deferentially, and, amid the pauses of the wind, throw in the still small voice, the 'soft and gentle words which turn away wrath.'

When reproved for an error you have committed, for a wrong you have perpetrated, for a neglect chargeable against you, stoop! Do not justify or palliate a palpable fault. This only intensifies and aggravates the wrong. This excites dire indignation. Stoop! If you say mildly, 'I know I was wrong; forgive me;' you have stolen away all your complainant's thunder. I have seen this tried with the happiest effect. A friend came to me once, his face black with frowns, and anger all bottled up ready for an explosion, because I had failed to fulfill some promised commission. I foresaw the storm, and took both his hands in mine as he approached, simply saying, 'I am very sorry, I forgot; pardon me this time.' What could the man say? He kept the corp in his bottle, and I escaped a terrible blast.

How much more easily and pleasantly we should get through life, if we only knew how and when to stoop!

But—when tempted to do a mean thing, or a wrong thing—when solicited to evil by companions or circumstances—then, don't stoop. You may give up your own personal rights, if you will; you may give 'coat and cloak' to an unjust demand; sometimes even this is necessary, to stoop in silence to an injustice. It may be done without degradation or guilt. But never stoop to a meanness, to a debasement. Never stoop to pick up a forbidden object, the appropriation or possession of which righteously exposes you to scorn or censure.—American Paper.

I cannot consent as your Queen to take revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects.—Queen of Madagascar.

The Christian's Triumph Over Death.

[Last words of St. Jerome. Translated for the Rev. Joseph Benson, author of Benson's Commentary, and published by him in the 'Wesleyan Magazine' in 1805.]

Why mourn, my friends, a spirit's happy flight,
By heaven remanded to the plains of light?
Be put aside the sable weeds of woe,
And swell the song of triumph here below.
Escaped from life, its lingering evils o'er,
Through fire and water doomed to pass no more,
Thy soul, converging on the wealthy place,
Enraptured flies to God's divine embrace.
Why flow these impious tears? Ah, why complain?
Death to a saint is everlasting gain.
The Saviour's fullness, light, love, life divine,
All Jesus bought, all Jesus has, is mine.
What if this cottage into ruins falls,
What if to dust dissolve these tottering walls,
Lo! yonder, founded by Almighty hands,
For me prepared, the heavenly mansion stands.
Just now emancipating, mount, my soul,
Thither aspire, and spurn the nether pole.
Through foreign climes at length I cease to roam,
The weary pilgrim gains his native home.
I see, presented to my dazzled eyes,
The beaming crown of life, my calling's prize;
I soon shall finish life's important race,
And, ardent, immortality embrace.
No longer tossed upon the stormy main,
Thanks to my Pilot, now the port I gain.
My soul, emerging from the mists of night,
Exchanges darkness for refulgent light;
For riches, poverty; for conquest, strife;
For pleasure, pain; and wins immortal life.
My soul! that quitting this inferior earth,
Too mean, too vile, for her celestial birth,
For glory winged, to fields of pleasure flies,
Above the arch of yonder ambient skies.
We say, 'We live,' because we draw our breath;
This being is but momentary death;
Life's real sphere, our own eternity,
Alone informs us what it is to be.
How advantageous, when a Christian lies
In death! Death is a gainful merchandise.
Shall gold, shall silver, jewels, gems be named,
When happiness, when heaven, when God is claimed?
O death! angelic visitant, appear!
Thy cherub countenance I cannot fear.
No king of terrors, welcome guest art thou,
No gloom horrific hangs upon thy brow.
Life's many ills thy winning smiles assuage,
The wound's keen anguish, and the fever's rage.
By thy approach are thirst and famine driven,
And life immortal by thy smile is given.
Me lead, my spouse, my sister, lead me soon,
Where my fond Shepherd feeds His flock at noon.
Awake, my glory! Hither lend thy hand!
My willing heart awaits thy kind command!
My fainting spirits thy pure perfume cheers,
Informs my hopes, and dissipates my fears.
I follow; lead me to His bright abode,
The mansion of my Father and my God.
Haste, lovely friend! O haste! with thee I go
Where fruits of life in rich luxuriance grow.
My hour is come; thy mercy, death, display;
O ease my love-sick soul! O quickly come away!
Black though thou be to timid nature's view,
Yet grace triumphant eyes thee comely, too;
And while thine embassy thy lips impart,
The melting accents charm my bounding heart.
Let mightiest monarchs tremble at thy frown,
And lay, at thy command, their honors down;
The power that crushes princes down to dust,
To deathless glory elevates the just.
And low beneath that arm the wicked lie,
Which lifts the righteous to the lofty sky.
O! gate of life! thy portals wide extend,
To bliss unfading quickly I ascend.
This fleshly vestment take, O! take away,
Divest my mind of this debasing clay;
And while my powers the pealing anthem raise,
Deck my rapt soul with splendid robes of praise.
The conflict finished, lo! I leave the field;
Break, mighty death! the sword, the spear, the shield.
Ah! let soft pity touch thy tender breast;
Ah! take a weary wanderer home to rest.
For long an exile, though of nobler birth,
Long have I wandered o'er this wretched earth;
O! lead me, lead me to His bright abode,
The mansion of my Father and my God!

THE MANCHUS.

The picture which we give of a Manchu lady will prove interesting. The Manchus have ruled over China for the last three hundred and fifty years, and are a hardy and vigorous race. For a long time Manchuria was divided up amongst petty chieftains, who seldom for any lengthy period remained at peace with one another. Hence the people, habituated to the exercises of the field became strong and warlike. During a time when China was in the throes of a civil war, one side invoked the aid of the Manchus, and after rendering the needed aid, and after seeing the weakness of the Chinese they were emboldened to seize the throne. After about thirty years' warfare they obtained dominion over the whole of China, and a great part of Mongolia. During the time they have governed China, several of the Emperors have been very able and remarkable men. Every male Manchu above sixteen is liable to be called on for military service, and is enrolled under the standards, which he by birth belongs to. The native Manchus are a finer race physically and morally than the Chinese, and though they have subjugated the Chinese, yet the Chinese are gradually overrunning their country and bringing its customs into conformity with those of China.

Work was begun in Manchuria in 1873, and is carried on by the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, and also the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. At the outbreak of the present troubles, there were 8,000 church members, and 20,000 adherents. The full force of the missionaries, including lady workers, was between forty and fifty. Out of this number, fifteen were fully qualified doctors. All this large and promising work has been brought to a standstill, the stations wrecked, the missionaries have had to flee from the country, and many converts have perished.—'China's Millions.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE FIRST EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

June 2, Sun.—We trust in the living God.
June 3, Mon.—Meditate upon these things.
June 4, Tues.—The laborer is worthy of his reward.
June 5, Wed.—Keep thyself pure.
June 6, Thur.—Godliness with contentment is great gain.
June 7, Fri.—The love of money is the root of all evil.
June 8, Sat.—Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Left Behind in the Mountain.

(By Henry Elliot Thibadeau, in 'The Youth's Companion.' In Three Parts.)

PART I.

After graduating from college, I had left my home in Massachusetts to go west and teach school. After the first month a fire had burned nearly all the new town and destroyed the schoolhouse.

Then I journeyed to Winnipeg, and afterwards drifted to Calgary in quest of work. There sharp necessity had forced me to labor as a common 'navvy' with pick and shovel on the new Canadian Pacific Railway, then under construction from Calgary to British Columbia.

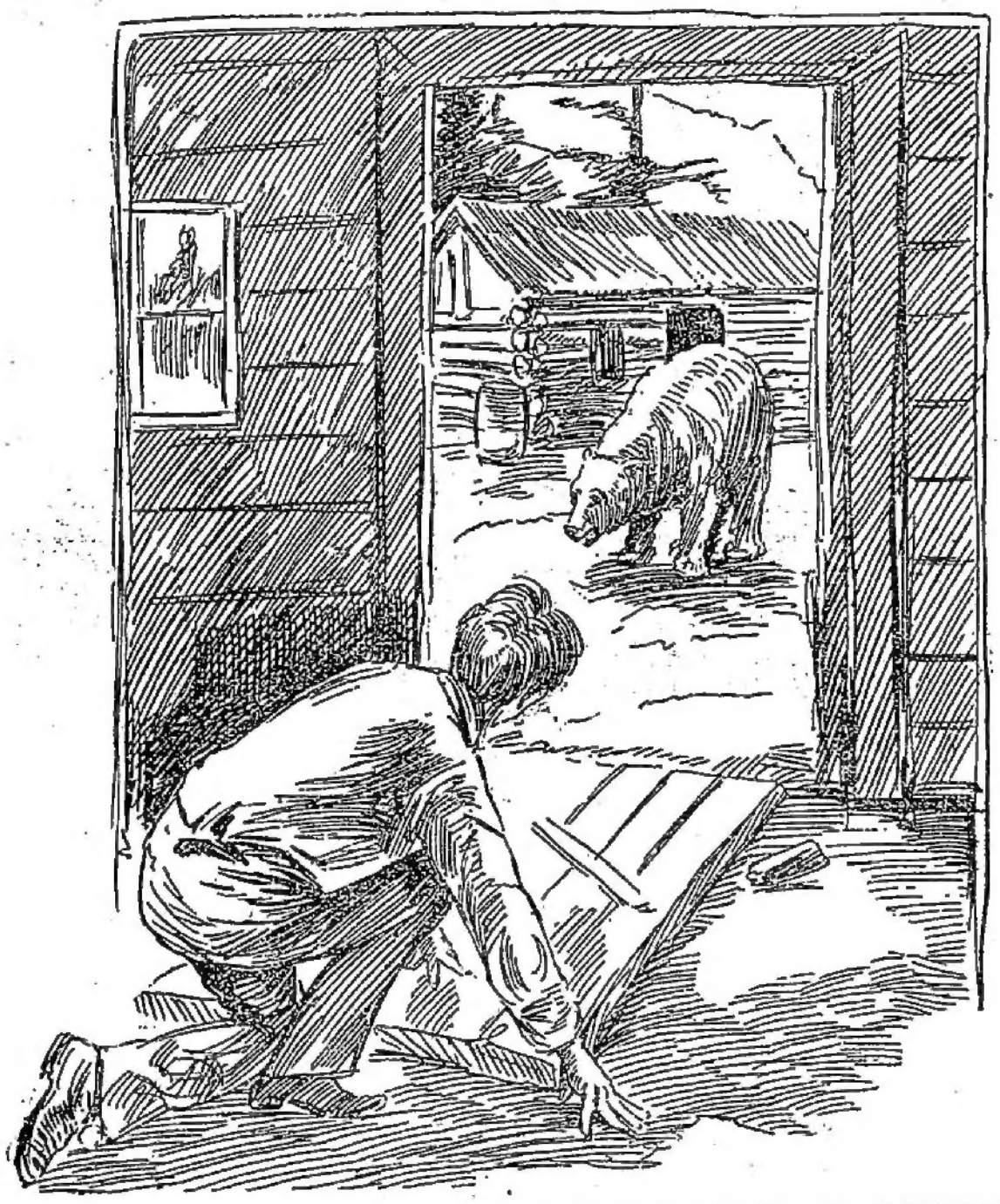
Here I had had long months of hard, rough life with the turbulent construction gangs. At last we had reached Donald, crossed the Columbia, and entered the stupendous cañons of Roger's Pass and the ravines of the Illicillíwaet.

Passengers who now journey over the line in comfortable railway coaches observe the scenery here not only with admiration, but with a sense of awe; but we, who first cut the way through these wild gorges, felt more than awe—a sense of constant peril and hardship.

After we had labored for weeks in rain or drenching mists, blasting down the ledges, tunneling and grading, rheumatic fever, complicated with cerebral meningitis, laid me low. My limbs swelled and stiffened, my pains were agonizing. A sick man does not gain much sympathy or attention in a camp of rough navvies. There are always some who think his illness feigned for the purpose of shirking; and the kindly disposed are hard-worked, tired laborers, having little time to spend with invalids. As I lay, unable to move, groaning a great deal—for the slightest jar or motion caused me the keenest anguish—I of course became an affliction to my mates.

The company's surgeon had been absent for some time, and it is doubtful if he could have done much to benefit me, anyway. At last, when the road-bed was completed to a considerable distance beyond our camp in the lower valley of the pass, the entire gang was moved forward for fifteen or twenty miles.

Here I became delirious, and during my delirium orders had evidently been issued for a farther advance. I knew indistinctly that the men were trying to move me. I must have cried out with such agony and frenzy that at last they despaired for



HIS HEAD SWINGING FITFULLY TO AND FRO IN THE MOONLIGHT

through my unconsciousness I heard one say, 'Well, we've got to leave him, then. I'll get somebody and come back for him tomorrow. Most likely he'll be dead by then, anyway.'

When I came to my senses, I found a bucket containing water set near my bunk, a can half-full of porridge and a case of hard biscuit.

I lay in my bunk and looked at a Rocky Mountain marmot which had entered at the open door of the log camp. I think the singularly shrill 'whistle' of this odd little animal had roused me. I was still feverish and in terror at the thought of being moved, so racked and swollen were my limbs.

After a time I reached out for the dipper and drank copiously from the bucket. I think that I also attempted to gnaw one of the hard-bread cakes. The delirium probably returned after that, for I came out of a sort of dream that two men were trying to move me.

As a matter of fact, I learned long afterwards that no one had ever returned for me. Two of the men who had tried to move me were injured the next day in an accident; the others, ignorant and brutal half-breeds, were probably too indifferent to return, and possibly the majority of the navvies were unaware for days of my absence. It is wonderful that I was not attacked by hungry grizzlies, or panthers, for the Selkirks were then much infested by these animals.

When consciousness again returned to me I was too weak to move, and lay sleeping or dozing probably for two or three days. Then I contrived to sit up on the edge of my bunk and I have a pretty clear remembrance of subsequent happenings.

It was now the season when raspberries were ripe, and one of my first excursions outside the door of the camp was to a cluster of raspberry-bushes, where I ate greedily all the berries I could reach. I was still excruciatingly lame and sore, and bent like an old man.

The now deserted camp was situated in the bottom of a great ravine, nearly a mile below the line of railway skirting the mountainside. There were three large shanties for a hundred men or more, and across the creek, at a distance of perhaps two hundred yards, were two other log camps, which had sheltered a gang of lumbermen who had gone ahead of our crew, making trestle timber.

The larger of their two camps had lost its roof, doors and lighter woodwork by fire; its walls of massive green spruce logs were merely much blackened. Their smaller cabin remained as they had left it. They had cleared a considerable tract of the adjacent forest of its great spruce and pine trees. In the three camps left by our main gang I found many odds and ends from the food supplies: a quantity of beans, more than half a barrel of pork, and as much corned beef, a box and a half of hard biscuit, a box of matches and numerous other articles.

The bread had, perhaps, been left behind for my benefit, the other stores carelessly, for despite the great expense of conveying provisions into this remote region, there was always a great deal of waste. Broken tools also lay about—axes, bars, shovels, picks, a quantity of cordage and a reel of telegraph wire.

In such circumstances I began my hermit life. At first it was enforced on me by my crippled condition; but when, some weeks later, I heard at a distance the sledge-hammers of men laying rails for the road, I felt no disposition to hobble up the mountainside to them, or make my presence known. I knew I had been a great trouble to my mates, and I resolved to avoid human beings until I should be able to work as of old. As none of the trackmen came down to the old camps, my resolution was not tempted to fail.

Of the exceeding loneliness of my life here I shall not attempt to say much, but it was not without its enjoyments. The tremendous mountain scenery, at first so forbiddingly grand, took on in time a more familiar and friendly aspect. Out to the westward, steel-gray peak Sir Donald and the Hermit Mountain towered mid-heaven, crowned with eternal snow and ice. How many hours I watched the play of the golden sunset on those tremendous rock-pinna-

cles, while the night purples gathered in the deep sky beyond!

Then the daily movement of wild animal life round my solitary camp was interesting, when I came to observe it attentively: the ever-journeying bears, the shrill-whistling marmots, the eagles wheeling about the high cliffs, the little flocks of brown mountain sheep, and the white goats, appearing and disappearing fitfully on the bushy ledges above the timber-line. Although no naturalist, I came gradually to note the habits and behavior of the wild creatures of the mountains, and to find in them diversion, if not companionship.

With squirrel-like instinct, I was moved to lay up a store of berries for winter, from the quantities which loaded the briers around the camps. To preserve these, I picked up about two dozen tin cans which had contained baked beans, peaches, pears and other canned goods for the foremen and engineers.

After cleansing them and filling them with berries, I replaced the ragged tin tops and soldered them air-tight, while the cans were still hot, with a thick coat of spruce pitch. Odd and clumsy as the device may seem, the berries kept as sweet as if hermetically sealed with the most approved patent cover.

I built a kind of fireplace of stones. I was possessed of a rheumatic sufferer's dread of dampness, and in order to make the camp dry and warm to sleep in, I frequently cooked my next day's food in the evening—frying pork, boiling corned beef or making unleavened bread.

The firelight, too, cheered my loneliness, and as I at first imagined, deterred wild beasts from approaching in the night. It did not always produce this effect, however, for a panther often wakened me with its cries. Once it came to the camp door and scratched like a dog. A few nights later it startled me badly by jumping on the roof over my bunk and walking about there, uttering a doleful, moaning note. I threw an old tin bucket across the floor to frighten it, whereupon it leaped down with a sudden low, gasping breath, and walked stealthily about the cabin for an hour or more.

I made my door fast with props, but I often wished for a gun and ammunition; I had no defensive weapon except an axe and a short stake in the end of which I had fixed the blade of a broken butcher-knife. In attempting to use this I was nearly killed one night a little later in the summer.

A noise outside the camp had wakened me, and I raised myself in my bunk to listen. It was the tongue of some animal, licking something or other. I heard it for some moments, and then caught a sound, as if the animal were sniffing and pawing over the chips just outside my doorway.

As there was a bright moon and light fell through the cracks in the door, I rose slowly and crept forward to peep out—at the panther, as I imagined.

But it was something much larger than a panther. Fear stole over me as I peered through the cracks in the door and perceived its huge bulk. I suppose it was a large grizzly bear, or else what is termed a 'silvertip' or a 'roach-back' bear. Certainly it was larger than a black bear, and its coat looked silvery gray in the moonlight. It was a huge, ungainly brute, seemingly as heavy as an ox.

After turning over the chips with one great paw, and snuffing meanwhile, it came nearer the door and ran its great muzzle along it, as if trying to gain an idea of what was inside. I felt frightened, for I knew that an animal of that size and weight could break the door down and easily work its will on me, crippled and unarmed as I was.

I had thoughts of rekindling my fire, but did not like to let the bear hear me moving for fear it might be suddenly incited to break in. As my knife-stick was set close by the door, I grasped that and stood peeping out through the cracks.

The grizzly, raising one paw, felt the lintel of the door softly at first, then extending his nails, dug at it more forcibly. The door clattered and shook. The beast could evidently pull it down, and I thought I must make haste and do something for myself. Watching my chance, when the beast's nose was close to the door, I jabbed the blade through the crack and yelled loudly.

I hit hard and cut him. The suddenness of the thrust probably startled the animal about as much as it hurt him. He uttered a hideous yelp and instantly struck back with his paw. The next instant I found myself on my back, with the door on top of me and the props flying helter-skelter.

For a moment I thought I was killed. In my crippled condition the shock and the fall hurt my swollen, lame limbs horribly! When I caught my breath—for the edge of the door had struck me near the pit of the stomach—I howled aloud from anguish.

The beast might have walked in and made an end of me had he chosen, but he seemed disconcerted by the noise and outcry; for when I crawled painfully from under the door and raised myself enough to look out, I saw him standing twenty or thirty feet away, with his nose down and his head swinging fitfully to and fro in the moonlight, as if he were trying to work an idea into it.

I was in such pain from my fall that I did not now much care whether the bear attacked me or not, but I crept to the fireplace, struck a match and set some bark and other dry stuff blazing brightly. When I peeped out again the bear had gone away.

I had not strength left to raise the door, but crawled groaning, into my bunk, and was unable to get up again for two days. For many hours I had a high fever and lay in great pain.

Still I am inclined to believe that I was the better afterward for the tumble and the sudden violent exertions which I made; for after getting about again I was less bent than before, and my limbs were not so stiff. None the less, the medicine had been very harsh.

I proceeded immediately to strengthen my door and rig a heavy bar for it. As it chanced, too, I had not seen the last of my nocturnal visitor.

(To be Continued.)

Farewell to the Farm.

(Robert Louis Stevenson.)

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hay-loft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing;
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

The Effects of a Silk Dress.

(By Morgan James, in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.

'"I have been young, and now am old."

'Yes, I am now an old man, over eighty years of age, and like all old people who sit in armchairs by warm firesides, I like to look back on the past. When we are young we love to dream of the golden future in store for us, and when we are old it is our delight to look back on the golden past, not to dream, as the young do, but to meditate lovingly on a period which, with all its vicissitudes, is, after all, the golden time of one's whole life.

'And now we are able to judge the events that happened then by the light of later experience, and we realize with joy and thankfulness how true it is that "Our times are in his hand."

'To-day, my chair was wheeled to the window. It was the day of the great temperance festival in this little Welsh town. The children had told me, some days ago, with great excitement, that they, as Band of Hope children, were going to march in the procession, and to-day I had the pleasure of seeing my children's children taking their part in the great struggle against England's greatest enemy.

'What strides the good cause of temperance has made in Wales since the year 1836, when I, a young man of twenty-two, was secretary of the local temperance society, and kept the pledge-book! I have the worn old book still, and I like to turn over its yellow pages, with their dirty finger marks made by the poor victims of the drink fiend, who had determined to free themselves from its clutches.

'They could not write their names, some of them, and there are many crosses in it. I always remember one—a big, straggling cross—but not as faded as the others, because when it was placed there by the trembling fingers of Jack Lewis, the drunken reprobate of my native town, it was the blackest of them all. He said when he placed it there that he wanted it to remain for ever.

'I well remember the day. As a native, and an old inhabitant, I knew everybody in the place, and as secretary of the temperance branch, a staunch teetotaler, and the warm friend of the drunkard and his wife, I may say that I had the special advantage of being in a position to be the recipient of many a sad tale, and of many a woeful tragedy enacted silently behind the scenes; but no story was ever told me so earnestly, never a recital of wrong stirred me so deeply as did that told me one summer day by Jack Lewis.

'"I have come to sign the pledge, Morgan James," said he.

'"Come again to-morrow, Jack," said I, "you know the rule; no one is allowed to sign when in drink."

'"Yes," returned Jack, "I am in drink now, but you will never see me like this again, Morgan James. I'm in real earnest this time, and I want to sign now. I want to be on the other side—on your side, Morgan James."

'"No, Jack Lewis, I cannot break the rule for you. If you are in earnest you will come again when you are sober, and I shall be glad to let you sign them."

'"Ah, Morgan James, if you knew what I know," said Jack, coming nearer, and making an effort to clutch at my coat, so as to draw me to him, "if you had heard what I have heard, and seen what I have seen, aye, and if you knew my feelings, and could read my heart, you would let me

sign, yes, even if you had to break the rule."

'And he told me his story. When he had finished, I fetched the book, opened it, and gave it him with the pen. Yes, I broke the rule, a thing I had never done before.

'When he had placed his cross he staggered out again, turning round at the door to say, "You will never repent this, Morgan James."

'I took the book back to its place in the room behind the shop. My wife looked up questioningly. She knew who my visitor had been. I simply pointed to the cross and the name.

'"But, Morgan, he was in drink. Have you broken the rule?"

'In answer, I told her Jack Lewis's tale. When I had finished she said, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "Yes, it is a powerful argument—the claims of the drunkard's wife and children. I hope for Mary's sake that Jack will keep it, but I'm rather doubtful. The drink has such a hold on him."

'"Well," returned I, as I re-entered the shop, "If I'm not very much mistaken he is all right this time."'

CHAPTER II.

Jack Lewis was the most drunken character in the town. Not a night passed but that he came home to his poor wife and children, reeling drunk. He was often to be seen, especially on pay-day, in the mines, where he worked, staggering along the street from one public-house to another. The street children delighted to follow him, mocking him when, as was often the case, he happened to stumble against something. But even in drink Jack Lewis never utterly lost his manhood. It is true the drink awoke the criminal nature in him to some extent, but his human nature was of such a broad and noble kind that even when dragged through the lowest depths of degradation he never altogether lost sight of it. He knew that he sinned against God, against his wife and children, every day of his life, but, as he had often told his wife, he believed the drink had too strong a hold on him for him ever to be able to renounce it. He had given himself up as lost, and all who knew him had done the same. The only one who believed in him was his wife. She knew that Jack was too manly and sterling a character to be easily lost, and she had never stopped praying for him, and had taught the children to lisp a prayer for him even when they and she had gone supperless to bed.

But, to everybody's surprise, Jack Lewis suddenly and thoroughly changed.

One hot afternoon in the summer of 1837, Jack Lewis was sitting in the corner of a large, old-fashioned settee, in the kitchen of the White Lion. He had left his wife and children that morning with nothing in the house for breakfast, and had been drinking ever since. His mug of beer was on the table at his elbow, and his pipe on the floor.

Two young women, Katie Morris, the daughter of the proprietor of the White Lion, and her friend, Myfanwy Wynne, the niece of another small publican, were by the table at the window, busily talking about a new silk dress, and they could not decide on the pattern. Jack Lewis appeared to be sleeping, so that his presence did not prevent them from discussing prices and patterns freely.

'Look at this pattern, Myfanwy, this blue with the black stripe in it.'

'I like the mauve,' said Myfanwy, 'but,' with a sigh, 'it is more expensive. It is 8s. 6d. a yard, while the blue is only 6s. 6d.

'Yes, but what does that matter,' said Katie. 'I like the mauve too. I am going to have the very nicest and the very best. Mother wants me to look nice in the publican's ball next month.'

'But where is the money to come from? My allowance is nearly gone. I spent it when I was away last week, and each dress will come to about £5, for we must have ten or twelve yards of silk.'

'Oh, don't be silly, Myfanwy,' returned the other; 'the more I look at the mauve the better I like it. I must have it; and,' as a brilliant idea struck her, 'it is pay-day in the mines to-morrow, and if I ask him father will give me a tenth of the money received in the till. He does that sometimes on pay-days. I only hope the men will come in crowds and spend a lot. I might be able to get a new set of furs for the winter, too.'

'But, what am I to do?' said Myfanwy.

'Oh,' said Katie, 'I'll come with you and ask your uncle to do the same towards you. He's sure to do it. You know that we always get the same things. If I have something that you haven't you are sure to have something like it soon; and the same with me, I always get what you get, and now you'll get what I get. That's a good idea —that tenth part.'

And she got up, and began putting the patterns away, Myfanwy, who had suddenly become quieter, helping her.

'Well, what's the matter now? Isn't it settled beautifully, thanks to Katie Morris?'

'Yes,' said Myfanwy, the more thoughtful; 'but I was just thinking of the poor men whose money goes to pay for our dresses to-morrow. We are each having a nice new dress, and perhaps a set of furs at their expense. I'm thinking of their poor wives and children, and,' lowering her tone, 'think of this poor creature's wife.'

At this Jack started in his place and listened more eagerly.

'You are most thankless, Myfanwy; there you are off again on that old subject. You are a regular little traitor. What does it matter to us,' whispered Katie, 'if Jack Lewis and his set were born silly. It's their own look-out. We give them their beer for their money, and exchange is no robbery.'

'But they lose such a lot, Katie!'

'You ought never to entertain such notions as those, Myfanwy; all I know and care is that I am going to have that mauve dress, and that these men are going to pay for it. If they're silly enough to do it, let them. And another thing, I want to look nice for Tom's sake. Oh! Myfanwy, you must never marry into "the trade" as I am doing; with those notions of yours you would never do for a publican's wife. Come along, do you want the silk dress or not? First to your Uncle's, and then to the shop.'

The silk dress prevailed. Myfanwy went, and Jack Lewis was left alone with his thoughts.

Poor Jack! His heart was very sore. He had heard all their conversation, and it had wounded him to the quick. Katie Morris's words had struck home. He got up from his place, and, in his anger, took hold of the mug and dashed it to the floor, stamping on it with his feet, saying in low, passionate tones, 'Jack Lewis and his set pay for their dresses!' 'It doesn't matter to them if Jack Lewis and his set were born silly.' 'No, perhaps not, Miss Morris; but it will matter to Jack Lewis from this time forth. Oh! Mary, Mary, when did you get your last silk dress? "Jack Lewis and his set going to pay for it!" No, nevermore, Katie Morris, will you see the glitter of Jack Lewis's money. I'll go to Morgan James this minute, and sign the book.' And out he staggered, and came straight to me.

CHAPTER III.

The great change in Jack Lewis's character was a nine days' wonder in the little town, but that the change lasted was a greater wonder still. Many people, Temperance friends among them, who had been surprised at this sudden change, expected him to as suddenly fall back into the old ways, but he disappointed them all. He went to work the day after signing the pledge, and found that he had to bear a great deal of chaff and mockery from his fellow-workmen; but he had taken the right turning this time, and, encouraged on his way by his wife's ready sympathy, and by the knowledge of her prayers, he was given strength to go straight on, and he never once thought of looking back.

Several days afterwards, in coming from his work, Jack met an old companion, Arthur Richards, a carpenter. 'Hello, Jack Lewis, is it thou? I have not seen thee for some days. Thou wert not at the White Lion last night. Is it true that thou'st become teetotaler?'

'Yes, Arthur,' returned John, stopping suddenly: 'no, I was not at the White Lion last night, nor, please God, wilt thou ever be seen there again.'

'What has made thee forsake thy old companions like this so suddenly? I did not think thee'd be that sort, Jack.'

'I found out that I loved my wife and children better than my companions, Arthur; that is why I was not at the White Lion last night. But I want to persuade my companions to be of the same opinion, too. Thou belong'st to "the set" too, lad!'

'What "set," man? What art thou talking about?'

'Well, I'll tell thee the reason why I signed the pledge.'

'Oh! there is a reason, is there? Let's hear it, then.'

'Reason! Oh, yes, there's a reason. It's a silk dress.'

'A silk dress! Art thou mad, man?'

'Well, I was sitting boozing at the White Lion one afternoon, and Katie Morris and Myfanwy Wynne were talking about a new silk dress, and they could not decide which to have, whether a £4 dress or a £5 one. They thought I was asleep, but I heard every word they said, and I shall never forget them, lad! What dost thou think made them decide on the £5 one? Would'st thou like to know?'

'Yes; but what has that to do with thy signing the pledge?'

'Thou'lt know in a minute. They decided to have the expensive one because it was pay-day at the mines the next day, and they would be able to afford it with our money. Our money, Arthur! While our wives and children go about in rags, we clothe them and their kin in silk. Yes, we are silly! "What does it matter to us if Jack Lewis and his set were born silly. It's their lookout." These were the very words, man.'

'Did they say that, Jack?'

'Yes; one of them said she was going to have the dress, and that you and I and our kind should pay for it, Arthur. If we were silly enough to do it, why, they'd let us!'

'Yes, we are indeed foolish,' said the other, with his head bent. The story had reached Arthur Richard's heart, as well as Jack Lewis's.

'And there was another thing,' went on

Jack; 'I had gone there that morning with my wife's entreating voice ringing in my ears. She had asked me for money to buy bread and clothing for my little ones. And that is what I heard. No, no; Jack Lewis is not going to pay for their silk dresses any more. Wilt thou not join me, Arthur? Come now to Morgan James with me.'

'No, not to-day, Jack; but I'll go home and think it over. I can't come now.'

'Well, I'll call to-night for thee, and I'll help thee sign thy name.'

That night he brought him to my house, and there was another cross in the book, and another point was scored by the silk dress.

But its influence did not end there. Arthur Richards was not the only one of 'the set' that followed Jack Lewis's example. In time they all forsook their old haunts, and became staunch supporters of the temperance cause in the town, and it was to the story of the silk dress they gave the credit.

I never regretted the step I took in allowing John Lewis to sign the pledge. He and his family, after that day, became a source of great interest to me. I watched with joy their struggles towards a better life.

John Lewis soon resided in a freehold house of his own. Many comforts and luxuries, before unknown, fell to the lot of his family. Now and then he was seen depositing money in the bank, and in time, having himself become an employer, some of the members of his family even aspired unto a silk dress. Nor did he stop there. Every good cause, and every means of raising the standard of morality in the town found a warm supporter in John Lewis, the useful and influential leader at one of the well-known places of worship in the town, but his fellow-townsmen knew that the cause which always occupied the warmest corner of his warm heart was the good cause of temperance.

The Story of Two Speeches.

(By Amas R. Wells, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

An eloquent word—for the Master,
Yet half for the speaker, too;
For he sought as his gain the praises of men
And not the good he might do.

So the angels sadly left it,
And for all of its lofty sound,
Men tossed it a while to and fro with a smile,
And then let it fall to the ground.

A stammering word for the Master,—
Blundering, timid and slow;
But the best he could do, for his purpose was true,
But his heart was a-thumping so.

Yet the angels seized it and bore it
On pinions happy and strong,
And made it a sword in the war of the Lord,
The struggle of right against wrong.

For the battle is not to the giant,
The race is not to the fleet,
And an armor of might for the bitterest fight
Is found at the Saviour's feet.

And thrones in the highest heaven,
And the laud of the seraphim,
Are for weak ones that dare follow Christ anywhere,
Yea, venture to fail—for him.

An Ugly Boy.

(By Rhodes Campbell, in 'Forward.')

A rugged, massive frame appeared in the doorway of the immense orphan asylum schoolroom. Immediately hundreds of eyes were fixed upon him, as he made his way to the superintendent's desk.

'Well, Mr. Hanna, have you come to any decision?' asked the superintendent, pleasantly.

'Yes, I have, Mr. Merea,' said David Hanna, in a low tone. 'I want that boy over by the east window, that one who is so large and——'

'Ungainly,' said Mr. Merea. 'Well, I should think that you'd have taken any other one, Mr. Hanna; but there's no accounting for tastes. Thaddeus McFadden is of good stock on both sides, Scotch-American; no stain on his name. But it is only fair to tell you that his disposition is not good; he is sullen and ungrateful. The man who brought him here told the same story. "He is sulky and unresponsive," and we have found it true. Still, you can try for a year, you know.'

Two hours later David Hanna was driving from the station of Dorset, several miles on the Eastburn pike. Beside him sat the large, overgrown boy whom he had adopted on trial; while back of them, in the waggon, was a small, shabby, black trunk belonging to Thaddeus.

The boy was silent all the way to the Hanna farm, with a repellant silence, it seemed to David Hanna; but anyone who knew David knew that the very obstacles which would disgust others only stimulated him the more.

'Thaddeus, do you know what I would like to do?' David Hanna asked this question the day after the boy had been settled in his new home. Thaddeus's great dark eyes looked at him suspiciously, and he waited.

'I'd like to give you boxing and fencing lessons. I used to be quite famous at such things; you know an old fellow must brag of his youth,' said David.

A flash of surprise and pleasure came into the boy's eyes. 'Do you really mean it?' he asked.

'Of course I do,' David replied. 'You've a fine frame, Thaddeus, only you don't know what to do with it; that was my case. With shoulders back and head erect you'd be an athlete to be proud of; you must have outdoor sports this fine weather.'

'I came here to work,' said Thaddeus, stubbornly. 'I mean to pay for my keep. I can do it, too.'

'Of course, you can, and I'll give you plenty of work.' David gave his hearty, genial laugh. 'But I want to make the most out of you. I want you to make the man I fancy you'll make.'

Thaddeus's face fell. 'I can't make much of anything, and I can't be driven; you'll be sick of your bargain,' he said.

David said nothing, but the lessons began in a large room adjoining the kitchen. As they progressed, Thaddeus developed unusual skill and quick strokes. Even David Hanna was surprised at the boy's improvement, not only as a pupil, but in his carriage and general appearance.

David Hanna was a childless widower, a farmer of moderate means. He ruled the farm, his housekeeper, Annette Bangs, ruled him, so far as domestic affairs went. Life went on monotonously, yet very happily, at the farm. Thaddeus worked hard, read when he wasn't too tired, and every week David insisted on taking him with him to town. But even David's sanguine temperament felt the chill of disappointment as the weeks lengthened into months, without any progress toward real friendship or more intimate relationship between the two. Thaddeus was faithful, honest, and industrious, but, except now and then during the boxing lessons, his passive unresponsiveness remained.

'Was I mistaken? I was sure there was a fine nature underneath that exterior,' David thought. They were just entering Dorset. While David was buying groceries, he missed Thaddeus, and later he could hardly believe his eyes. There was the shy, awkward lad helping a bright-faced woman with her numerous packages, his face all smiles, and he was actually engaged in conversation with her.

'I didn't know you knew Mrs. Ellis, Thaddeus,' David said later.

'I never before saw her; but she looks like mother.' Thaddeus's face had not lost its rare glow.

'Your mother must have been very attractive, then.'

'Oh, sir, she was the brightest, kindest woman you ever saw—just happy and singing all the time; not one bit like me. After she left me, and I was bound out, I nearly died. I couldn't talk about it, and old Caleb Harsh thought I was just sulky and mean—and he, well—he was pretty hard on me. I didn't mind his thrashin' me so much, though I wasn't used to it; but he never believed me, and to be always mistrusted made me ugly. I couldn't do anything but just keep still; but I made up my mind, then, that I'd try never to care for anything or anybody, because it makes folks suffer so awfully.'

'Did old Harsh get tired of you?' David asked, gently.

'Well, he traded me at the asylum for a quicker, pleasanter-spoken boy; he told Mr. Merea a lot of lies about me, but I knew it wasn't any use to do anything. Mr. Merea never could bear me, and—and—Oh, Mr. Hanna, you're good to me, but I've got into such ways that I am mean and ugly. You'd better take me back before I'm bound to you for good. I can't bear to see you so good and kind and know that it is all wasted. Why did you ever choose me?'

'Because I took a strong liking to you, Thaddeus. You're not mean: you don't lie.'

'No, because I just can't; I feel too horrid after it,' said Thaddeus.

'Well, I'm going to keep you, so you'll have to put up with it,' David said, in his decided voice.

In the fall Thaddeus went into Dorset to school. He studied well, although he was not unusually quick. He shunned the other boys. 'They shan't have a chance to snub me, like the boys in Alden did when they jeered at me and called me "old Harsh's lamb," I'll never go through all that again,' said Thaddeus—'never.'

But one day on the way home, he was to meet a neighboring farmer four miles farther on who was to give him a lift—he came upon a sight that roused him. There, near the lonely road stood the bully of Miss Pritchard's room, Julius Beeber, thrashing a delicate little fellow from one of the lower rooms.

'I told you I'd kill you, if you ever told on me; how dare you interfere with my doing as I please?' Julius Beeber's face was purple with passion, and, by the way he was laying on the blows, it looked as if he would do as he threatened.

Thaddeus straightened his tall form and sprang into the open woods. 'Stop that!' he cried, as he grasped Beeber from behind and threw him; but in a moment he was

up again, and dealt Thaddeus a powerful blow.

At first it appeared to little trembling Theodore that they were too unequally matched, and felt sure that Beeber must win, as he always did; but Thaddeus's lessons told now, and he used his knowledge with a coolness which surprised himself. In the end he left Beeber out of breath and badly beaten, picked up Theodore and took him to his aunt's, not far away, and supposed that was the end of it all. But the next day David came to him.

'Thaddeus, Mr. Beeber says you're a bully and nearly ruined his son for life. Did you fight? Tell me about it.'

'You've heard what Mr. Beeber said,' Thaddeus replied, doggedly. 'Isn't that enough?'

'No; I'm waiting for your side. I know that it will be the truth.'

Thaddeus's face lighted up. He told his story briefly.

'You did right,' said David; and to Thaddeus's surprise, that was all that he ever said about it.

In the spring, Thaddeus had a fresh surprise. 'I've had a fair offer for part of my farm, Thaddeus,' David said. 'I'm going to sell. I want money to send you to college. I propose to pay all your expenses the first year; and then you can decide whether you care enough to work your way in part the other years. I can't afford to pay anything, but I can give you a big lift.'

It was Hanna's turn to be surprised. Thaddeus grasped his hand. 'You don't mean to do this for me—you don't mean to give me such a chance? Why, you're like a father! I'll serve you always. I'll do my best at college. Oh, if you knew how I want to be a doctor!'

'Don't "serve me," Thaddeus. Love me a little, if you can. My boy died when he was a little chap, and I want a son more than anything else,' said David.

'I'm not a stone, if I am so horrid,' Thaddeus said, his voice shaking with rare emotion. 'I can't talk much, but I'll try to deserve you—father!'

Years later, when Thaddeus was slowly earning his present fine practice in the large western city of L——, I heard one man in a street car say to another: 'That is Doctor Hanna; he cured my boy, you know. That's his father with him. You never saw such devotion as there is between those two. Aren't they fine-looking men?'

Glancing in the direction indicated, I saw my old friend, David Hanna, as erect as ever, while beside him strode a young giant, talking eagerly, his face half turned toward me, and I knew that it was Dr. Thaddeus McFadden Hanna.

Wait for the mud to dry, is a good rule in more ways than one. Suppose we try it the next time we are vexed!

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few left now. He was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and so active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an opology.

'My dear boy,' Father Graham said, 'take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be a quarrel.'

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.—'Wellspring.'

Little by Little.

I was quoting carelessly the proverb, 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' referring it to Solomon. 'Does Solomon use those words, too?' asked a quiet listener; 'because you will find them in the twelfth chapter of Matthew, as used by our Lord.'

I verified his statement at once, by opening the Bible at hand, and then turned to my informant to know how it was that he had been able to place the words so accurately. 'I have made it a rule for many years,' he answered, 'to learn the general contents of a chapter each day. It only takes a few moments, especially in those parts of the book which I am already familiar with. It is, of course, a mechanical way of treating the study of Scripture, and must not in any degree take the place of either critical or devotional study; but I have found it most useful, and a fine return for the investment of such small amounts of time.'

I then quizzed this Bible student as far as my own memory enabled me to do so, and found that he knew his Bible as a child knows its primer—book by book, almost chapter by chapter. And this most useful skill in using the Word of Truth had been acquired by a few minutes' efforts each day.

I was fired with an immediate desire to have my class adopt this plan, even if they had to be coaxed to do it by some promise of reward. For myself I can only hope for partial success; the muscles of my memory are now considerably stiffened; but you know the old conundrum, 'What is as soft as wax and as hard as brass? Answer, 'A child's memory.' Soft to receive, enduring to hold.

So now we begin the hour's lesson by a few rapid questions. 'What is in the first chapter of Matthew? 'The genealogy of Joseph, and the birth of Christ.' 'Second chapter?' 'Visit of the wise men; slaughter of babies; flight of holy family to Egypt; return to Nazareth.'

You see how easily this would be learned. Do you not think it will make the Bible like the starry sky to us on a clear night instead of a sky murky with mists of ignorance.—E. P. Allan.

A Bump of Love.

(By E. R. B.)

I was looking over some old letters when I found one from a father to his sister, in which he tells a story about his litte girl, five years old. I think her funny idea will amuse you, and the lesson her father drew from it will, I hope, teach us a lesson, too. The father says he was seated one day with his little daughter Eva on his knee, and she was telling him in childish, extravagant language how much she loved him. He, to somewhat moderate her expressions of love, told her she could not love so much, as she was such a little thing and had such a little heart. Eva only remarked, 'Of course I have, father.' The letter goes on to tell that in the course of the day little Eva tumbled down some stone steps and had, as the result, a large bump on her forehead. Her mother wondered she cried so little, but when her father returned from business in the evening she ran to meet him, saying, 'Look here, father, I am so much bigger, and can hold so much more love,' pointing to the bump on her forehead. The father adds, 'Would that Christians would turn the hard bumps of the world into love, like my little Eva.' That is just what God wants us to do, if we are his children—turn the bumps of the world into love. How is this to be done? You dear children who love God and are trying to please him, how can you do it? You cannot go through life without getting many bumps. Some you feel on your body, and some you feel inside, by a hurt or angry feeling in your heart. Perhaps a brother, or sister, or a schoolfellow, has done or said something very unkind to you, and you cannot forgive them, so you have a large bump of unforgiveness inside. Now, this bump must be turned into love and then you will be able to forgive.

In John xv., 17, the Lord Jesus commands us to love one another, and in Matthew v., 44, to 'love your enemies to do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' They would not be your enemies, for the time being, if they did not give you bumps either inside or out.

Now, dear children, will you ask God in the name of the Lord Jesus and by his Holy Spirit, to help you to turn these bumps into love?

In Matt. xviii., 21 Peter asks the Lord Jesus how often if his brother sins against him is he to forgive him, and the Lord gives him in answer a small sum in addition: 'Until seven times' is not enough. 'Until seventy times seven.'

$$\begin{array}{r} 70 \\ 7 \\ \hline 490 \end{array}$$

When we have forgiven someone several times we think we are very forgiving. But what about 490 times? This shows that God wishes us always to forgive, no matter how often. The bumps inside generally hurt more than the bumps that show outside, and they have a way of getting worse and worse unless quickly cured by being turned into love.

I mean that hurt, angry or jealous feelings indulged in cause great pain and sorrow, but if the all-conquering love of God comes in, who has told us 'to love our neighbor as ourselves,' then the sorrow and pain goes.

First, you must come to the Lord Jesus, who died on the cross for you, and ask to have your sins forgiven for his name's sake and the Holy Spirit given to you, who will help and guide you to do what is right.—'Alliance.'

Good, but for What?

There are a great many good people in the world, but what are they good for? They do not drink; they do not swear; they do not gamble; they do not use tobacco; they keep the Sabbath Day; yea, they even attend divine worship regularly and so we say that they are good people. But what are they good for? Their goodness is of the negative kind. While they do not do anything bad neither can we say that they do anything good. They never join in the song services; they never lift their voices in thanksgiving or prayer; they never go forth on missions of love and mercy; they never give for any noble purpose; and if they are asked to lend some assistance in any way, it is, 'Oh! I can't do that; get someone else to do it for you.' While we call them good people and class them among the better element of the community, yet in our sober, thoughtful moments we are led to ask ourselves the question, What are they good for?—Rev. C. W. Davidson.

The only difference education can make in sin is to make it change the manner of its expression.—'Ram's Horn.'

Mrs. Tabby Gray.

Mrs. Tabby Gray, with her three little kittens, lived out in the barn where the hay was stored. One of the kittens was white, one was black, and one gray, just like her mother, who was called Tabby Gray from the color of her coat.

These three little kittens opened their eyes when they grew old enough, and thought that there was nothing so nice in all this wonderful world as their own dear mother, although she told them of a great many nice things, like milk and bread, which they should have when they could go up to the big house, where she had her breakfast, dinner and supper.

Every time Mother Tabby came from this big house she had something pleasant to tell. 'Bones for dinner to-day, my dears,' she would say,' or 'I had a fine romp with a ball and the baby'; until the kittens longed for the time when they could go too.

One day, however, mother cat walked in with joyful news,

'I have found an elegant new home for you,' she said, 'in a very large trunk where some old clothes are kept; and I think I had better move at once.'

Then she picked up the small black kitten without any more words, and walked right out of the barn with him.

The black kitten was astonished, but he blinked his eyes at the bright sunshine and tried to see everything.

Out in the barnyard there was a great noise, for the white hen had laid an egg, and wanted everybody to know it; but Mother Cat hurried on, without stopping to enquire about it, and soon dropped the kitten into the large trunk. The clothes made such a soft comfortable bed, and the kitten was so tired after his exciting trip, that he fell asleep, and Mrs. Tabby trotted off for another baby.

While she was away, the lady who owned the trunk came out in the hall; and when she saw that the trunk was open, she shut it, locked it, and put the key in her pocket, for she did not dream that there was anything so precious as a kitten inside.

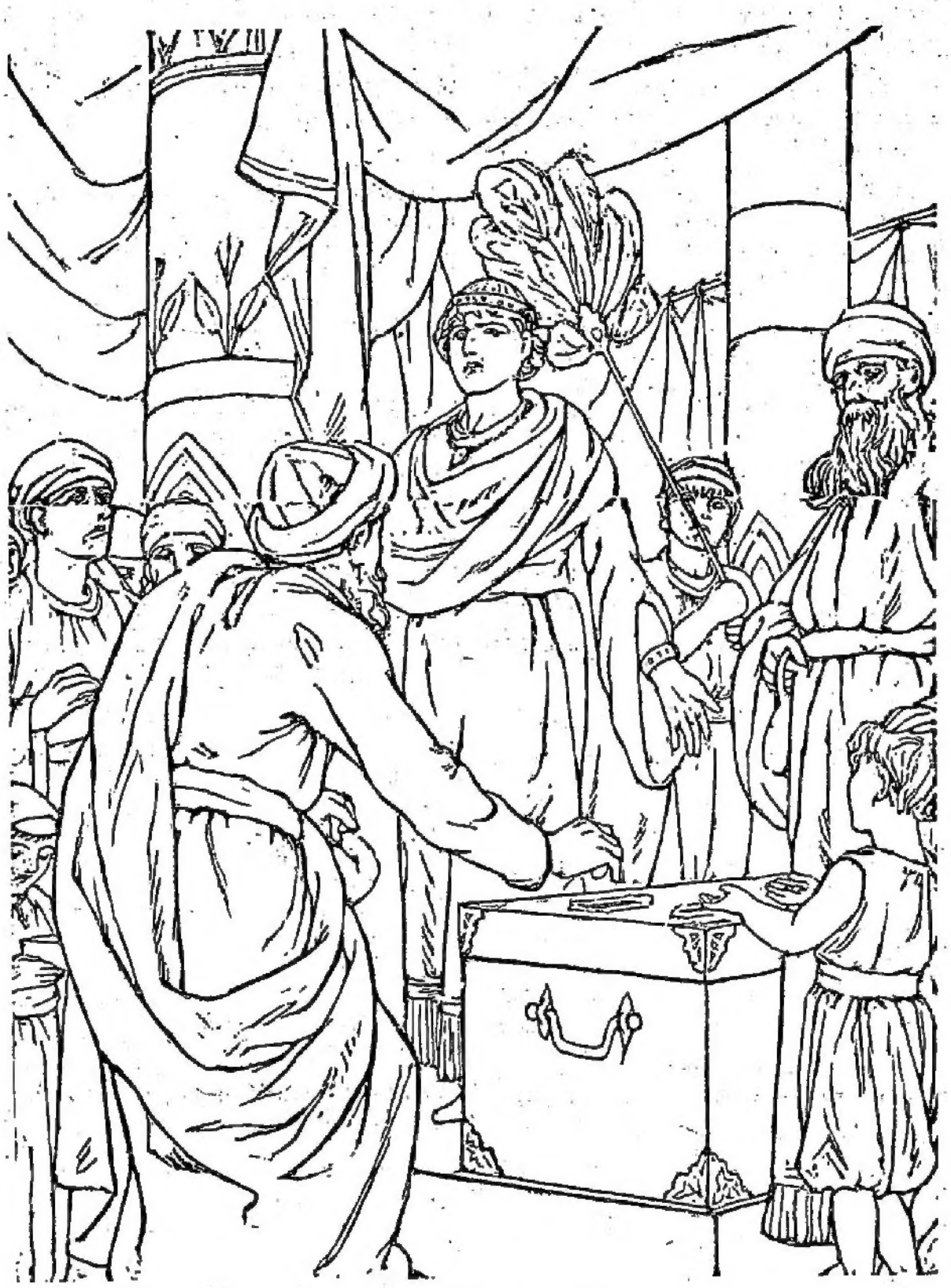
As soon as the lady who owned the trunk had gone upstairs Mrs. Tabby Gray came back, with the little white kitten; and when she found the trunk closed she was terribly frightened. She put the white kitten down and sprang on top of the trunk and scratched with all her might, but scratching did no good. Then she jumped down and reached up to the keyhole, but that was too small for even a mouse to pass through, and the poor mother mewed pitifully.

What was she to do? She picked up the white kitten, and ran to the barn with it. Then she made haste to the house again, and went upstairs to the lady's room. The lady was playing with her baby, and when Mother Cat saw this, she rubbed against her skirts and cried: 'Mee-ow, mee-ow! you have your baby, and I want mine! Mee-ow, mee-ow!'

By and by the lady said: 'Poor kitty, she must be hungry'; and she went down in the kitchen and poured sweet milk in a saucer, but the cat did not want milk. She wanted her baby kitten out of the big black trunk, and she mewed as plainly as she could: 'Give me my baby — give me my baby, out of your big black trunk"

The kind lady decided that the cat must be thirsty; and she said: 'Poor Kitty, I will give you water'; but when she set the bowl of water down, Mrs. Tabby Gray mewed more sorrowfully than before. She wanted no water—she only wanted her dear little baby kitten; and she ran to and fro, crying, until, at last, the lady followed her; and she led the way to the trunk.

'What can be the matter with this cat?' said the lady; but she took the trunk key out of her pocket, put it in the lock, unlocked the trunk, raised the top — and in jumped Mother Cat with such a



DRAWING LESSON.

bound that the little black kitten waked up with a start.

'Purr, purr, my darling child,' said Mrs. Tabby Gray, in great excitement; 'I have had a dreadful fright!' and before the black kitten could ask one question, she picked him up and started to the barn.

The sun was bright in the barnyard, and the hens were still chattering there; but the black kitten was glad to get back to the barn. His mother was glad, too; for as she nestled down in the hay with her three little kittens, she told them that a barn was the best place, after all, to raise children.

And she never afterwards changed her mind.—'The Westminster.'

Tom Hathway's Success.

Tom Hathway was the son of a poor widow, who lived in the small village of Salem, She was dependent upon her only son, as her husband had been killed by the Sioux Indians on his way to the gold fields of California, seeking a fortune. Tom was an industrious, honest, upright boy, always the leader among the village boys, and always ready to comfort his poor mother in times of distress.

Nearby the Hathway home lived Dick Alston, the son of a wealthy New York merchant, who made his home in Salem, and George Denton, the son of a lawyer of Salem. Both boys were jealous of Tom, as he was the favorite of the village, They tried to jeer him by calling him a 'little mamma boy.' But Tom didn't heed their jeerings, but kept bravely on, fighting the battles of life.

He obtained a position as clerk in the corner grocery of Salem, with wages sufficient to keep his mother and himself comfortably during the winter, at least. It was in the spring, however, that Tom met with his first great success. Dr. Rogers, living in the neighboring village, hung a sign in his window advertising for an honest boy. Tom saw the sign as he was delivering groceries in the village, and that same night on his return to his home, he told his mother of his intentions of applying for the situation at the doctor's.

The next morning Tom dressed in his best and started for the doctor's house five miles distant. Mrs. Hathway went to the gate to see her son off, and told him not to cross the ice, although it was the shortest way, because it was not in a safe condition. He obeyed his mother's command, as he always did, and took the longer route around the lake.

He reached the doctor's office in a short time, and walking in, was surprised to see Dick Alston and George Denton, who were also applicants for the position, He quietly took a chair and engaged in conversation with the other boys, which was overheard by the doctor in the adjoining room. Some of the boys talked about Tom being poorly dressed, and doing just what his mother wanted him.

'I wouldn't walk around that ice for anybody, not even my mother,' said Dick, 'when it's the shortest way to cross over.'

'But my mother told me the ice was unsafe, and I always take her advice,' said Tom.

'Unsafe nothing!' said Dick. 'Women don't know anything about the ice.'

Tom felt indignant at these answers and the insults to his mother, but said nothing at the time. The boys didn't know that the doctor heard everything they had said, but the doctor knew it, and he made up his mind as to what boy he would select. He entered the waiting-room, where the boys were, and made his selection. The lucky boy was Tom Hathway, who obeyed and defended his mother. He became closely attached to the doctor, and learned the profession of medicine through his guidance, and to-day is a noted doctor with a large practice in the city of New York.—'Michigan Advocate.'

A Sunday Dog.

It used to be a common thing to see dogs at church with their owners in the country parts of England and Scotland; and, as they usually behaved well, they were not molested. But very much later than that a handsome setter in one of the Middle States not only went to church faithfully, but took it upon himself to keep all the family up to their duty.

His name was Joe, and his face was full of kindliness and intelligence. The cocking up of his left ear and a general expression of being on the alert was peculiar to him on Sunday, and he seemed resolved that every man, woman and child on the premises should honor the day as he did.

He never made a mistake in the day of days which he began by leaving his kennel earlier than usual, to set about getting those children off to Sunday-school. There was a long country walk before them, and he knew they'd be late unless he kept at them. So he barked and scolded and capered about them, saying as plainly as dog language could, 'Do hurry, you thoughtless creatures! Don't you hear the first bell ringing?' When the laughing flock was ready to start Joe marched off with them and kept severe discipline in the way of wanderings by the roadside.

One Sunday morning this faithful guardian nearly fell into disgrace himself. He had rushed from his kennel to give chase to a rabbit, apparently forgetting what day it was, when the sound of the first bell suddenly reminded him. The knowing cock of his ear dropped as he wheeled about and went off at full speed to hurry up his careless charges.

Joe always marched into the Sunday-school with them, and paid strict attention to what was going on. He also went to church afterward, and established himself in the family pew without ever making a mistake.—'Herald and Presbyter.'

Faithful in Little Things.

I cannot do great things for Him,
  Who did so much for me;
But I should like to show my love,
  Dear Jesus, unto Thee.
Faithful in very little things,
  O Saviour, may I be!

There are small things in daily life
  In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to thee;
  And always every day,
There are some little loving words
  Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
  Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
  Some sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for thee
  I may do everywhere.

So I ask thee to give me grace
  My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with thee,
  And ever do thy will—
That in each duty, great or small,
  I may be faithful still.

Sunday School

LESSON X.—JUNE 9.

Jesus Appears to Paul

Acts xxii., 6-16. Memory verses, 6-8. Read Acts ix., 1-20; xxvi., 9-20.

Golden Text.

'I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.'—Acts xxvi., 19.

Lesson Text.

(6) And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. (7) And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? (8) And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest. (9) And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me. (10) And I said, What shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do. (11) And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came into Damascus. (12) And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews which dwelt there, (13) Came unto me, and stood and said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And the same hour I looked up upon him. (14) And he said, The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldst know his will, and see that Just One, and shouldst hear the voice of his mouth. (15) For thou shalt be his witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard. (16) And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.

Suggestions.

We have to-day the wonderful story of how Saul of Tarsus the freeborn, highly educated, fierce young Jew who had so cruelly persecuted the Christians, casting both men and women into prison, was transformed into the loving, humble, forcible preacher of the gospel, proud to call himself the bondslave of Jesus Christ.

Saul heard the voice of Jesus, and he must have caught a glimpse, too, of that wonderful face (II. Cor. iv., 6), for he instantly recognized that it was the glory of God which surrounded him. In great astonishment he asked, Who art thou, Lord? He had thought that he was serving God by persecuting the followers of Jesus, but in that instant it was revealed to him as by a flash of light that Jesus was God, (John i., 1-3; x., 30; I. John v., 7), and that in persecuting his church he was persecuting Christ himself. The church (all the true followers of Jesus who have been born again and washed from their sins in his precious blood), is the body of Christ (Col. i., 18, 24; Eph. i., 22, 23; v., 25-32), and he feels everything that is done to hurt his people.

At that moment of great light and glory, Saul's spiritual eyes were opened, but his outward sight was blinded by the heavenly light. For three days he was blind to all about him, but the great light was burning in his soul, burning up the dross of earthly ambition, refining and purifying the zeal and affections, illuminating the conscience and setting his whole being on fire with love to God. By that light Saul saw himself as a wretched sinner (Rev. iii., 17, 18; I. Cor. xv., 9, 10), with no hope except through the saving power of Jesus Christ. By that light Saul saw the worthlessness of a life that was self-centred, and the glory of a life hid with Christ in God. By that light he saw, as it were, God's scales weighing the things man counts valuable, pleasure, pride, rank, wealth, and worldly honors of every kind, against the real values of eternal life. The tawdry and temporal values of earth weighed lighter than vanity, (Ps. lxii., 9; II. Cor. iv., 17, 18), but the scale sank heavy with the eternal weight of glory of a life wholly given up to God and centred in Jesus Christ. By that light Saul chose to lay aside every earthly weight, (Heb. xii., 1, 2; Phil. iii., 7-11), and to count all earthly gain as loss, and all earthly honor as nothing, in order that he might obtain the eternal joy and honor of a life identified with Christ's.

By that great light and fire in his soul Saul the persecutor became Paul the succorer of the followers of Jesus and the mighty messenger of the gospel to the ends of the then known world. We are very apt to look upon the history of the different great men of the Bible as stories of the inevitable, it seldom occurs to us to think that their lives might have been totally different if they had chosen differently. They did not know when the critical moments of their lives would come, nor how great things depended on their choice at such times. They were simply men and women like ourselves and their history is written down for our example. (I. Cor. x., 6, 11; Rom. xv., 4). It is not for us to criticise their goodness or their badness, but just to study how God worked through them and how they hindered his working, and take encouragement or warning from their history. Saul might have rejected the voice of God and chosen earthly glory and the praise of men, as did that Saul whose history is told in the Old Testament. (I. Sam. xv., 10-30.) But if he had not obeyed God he would have lost the wonderful opportunity not only of preaching the gospel to many nations, but of being the expositor of the gospel to all generations of those who should afterward follow Christ. He being dead, yet speaketh by the epistles which the Holy Spirit wrote through him.

It would have been an awful thing for Saul to have rejected the voice of the Lord Jesus when he spoke to him on the way to Damascus that day, we have some idea of what he would have lost by disobedience then. But we cannot measure what our own loss will be if we turn away from our Saviour now or if we disobey his voice at any time. The Lord Jesus Christ is calling men and women and boys and girls now to the same life to which he called Saul. And as his grace was sufficient to change the proud and fierce Saul into the loving and lowly-minded Paul, so his grace is sufficient for every one of us. He can change the most unattractive life into a beautiful and radiant channel of blessing to others. He can make the humblest soul a blessing to the whole world by his grace working in and through it.

The Ananias whom Jesus sent with a message to Paul was not the Ananias who pretended to offer all that he had to God but kept back part of the price. (Acts v., 1-5). This Ananias was a good man whom every one trusted. When the Lord Jesus told him to go and speak kindly to Saul at first he did not like to because he knew how fierce Saul had been against the Christians, but the Lord told him what to say and Ananias went When Ananias laid his hand on Saul and greeted him lovingly in the name of the Lord, Saul's eyes were opened and he saw clearly. It is very important to be kind to young Christians and to help them in the knowledge of Christ.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 9.—Topic—How to enter Christ's family.—Matt. xii., 46-50.

Junior C. E. Topic.

SOME KINGS OF THE BIBLE.

Mon., June 3.—Saul's ill temper.—I. Sam. xviii., 10, 11.

Tues., June 4.—Covetous Ahab.—I. Kings xxi., 15, 16.

Wed., June 5.—A self-willed king.—II. Kings x., 31.

Thu., June 6.—Hezekiah's good reign.—II. Kings xviii., 3-5.

Fri., June 7.—Darius the Median.—Dan. vi., 25, 26.

Sat., June 8.—The King of the Jews.—John xviii., 33-37.

Sun., June 9.—Topic—Lessons from Bible kings. (Saul, Rehoboam, Hezekiah, Agrippa, Ahab, Asa, Ahasuerus etc.)

Temperance

That's All.

Liquor-dealers often betray themselves unconsciously in their advertisements, and I have occasionally had the pleasure of pointing out an instance of these damaging admissions. For pure guilelessness, however, nothing in this line quite exceeds an advertisement which, since the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon directed my attention to it, I have seen in many papers that should know better. It is a very simple advertisement:—

SMITH'S WHISKEY.

THAT'S ALL!

(Of course, the name is not Smith.)

'Smith's Whiskey. That's All!' Could the sarcasm of the most powerful temperance orator paint a more damning picture? 'That's All?' Indeed it is. Nothing else left. No money. No credit. No decent clothes. No comfortable house. No business. No friends No skill. No reputation. No health. No strength No courage. No happiness at home. Nothing to eat there. No joy for the children. No religion. No peace of conscience. No safety or hope, in this world or the next.

But 'Smith's Whiskey.' He has that. 'That's All.' Smith's whiskey. And a swollen head. And a turgid brain. And bleared eyes. And a tomato nose. And palsied hands. And wavering vision. Feet for the gutter. Nerves for the serpents of delirium. A thirst that is madness. A brutal passion that has taken control of his entire being. Smith's Whiskey. That's All.

Who that reads this interpretation does not know that it is true? And who will not, in the fear of God, for the love of his brother, use all the power he has to drive this cynical, deadly evil from off the face of the earth?—Caleb Cobweb, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Cigarettes and Situations

That cigarettes are deadly poisonous is an absolute scientific fact. A physician made a solution of all the nicotine from one cigarette; one-half of it was injected into a full-grown frog, from the effects of which the frog died almost instantly; the other half was used upon another frog with the same result. The poison of the cigarette is as deadly to the human being as to the frog, but slower in its work. Diseases resulting from its use are well known to physicians. The same physician who experimented upon the frogs says that instead of the fancy pictures which accompany cigarette packages, each ought to bear a skull and cross bones and be marked 'deadly poison,' the same as other poisonous drugs.

Since Chief Moore issued his order a number of Chicago business houses have pursued the same course. The board of education does not permit cigarette smoking in its office; Montgomery Ward & Co. will not employ boys addicted to the use of cigarettes; bi-monthly lectures on the evils of cigarette smoking are provided by Marshall Field & Co., for the benefit of their employees; the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway Company has notified its employees that they must abandon cigarettes or forfeit their positions; several establishments have opened their doors to lecturers connected with the Anti-Cigarette League. The United States Supreme Court has declared the Chicago anti-cigarette law valid. Arkansas has an anti-cigarette bill which makes the sale or giving away of cigarettes to any person under any circumstances a misdemeanor, punishable by fine. That the civil service commission of New York City purposes to rid itself of 'several

hundred juvenile cigarette fiends,' and substitute 'office girls' is another straw that shows which way the wind blows.

The Anti-Cigarette League, with headquarters in the Woman's Temple, Chicago, is vigorously waging war against the cigarette. It is after the boys, and to further its work publishes a bright little paper entitled 'The Boy.' School teachers are loud in their denunciations of the cigarette; their positions enable them to observe its effect and they have noted its viciousness. Many are assisting the league in its work and have secured from boys under their care pledges that they will not smoke cigarettes before they are of age. Antagonism to the cigarette is constantly increasing in force, and it is to be hoped that the earth will not have passed many mile-stones in the new century before the deadly 'coffin nail' is relegated to obscurity.—'Young People.'

By Dean Farrar.

My reasons for taking the pledge were partly general and partly special.

First.—I became convinced that the use of alcohol in any form was not a necessity. I saw that whole nations have lived and flourished without it. I believed that the whole race of man had existed for centuries previous to its discovery.

Second.—I was struck by the indisputable fact that in England 20,000 inhabitants of our prisons, accustomed to strong drink all their lives, and the majority of them brought into prison directly or indirectly by it, could be, and were, from the moment of their imprisonment, absolutely deprived of it, not only without loss, but with entire gain to their personal health.

Third.—I derived from the recorded testimony of our most eminent physicians that the use of alcohol is a subtle and manifold source of disease even to thousands who use it in quantities conveniently deemed moderate; also, that all the young, and all the healthy, and all who eat well and sleep well, do not require it, and are better without it.

Fourth.—Then the carefully drawn statistics of many insurance societies convinced me that total abstinence, so far from shortening life, distinctly and undisputably conducted to longevity.

Fifth.—Then I accumulated proof that drink is so far from being requisite to physical strength or intellectual force, that many of our greatest athletes, from the days of Samson onward, 'whose drink was only of the crystal brook,' have achieved without alcohol, mightier feats than have ever been achieved with it.

Sixth.—And besides all this, I knew that the life of man always gains by abolishing needless expenses and avoiding artificial wants. Benjamin Franklin said, a hundred years ago, 'Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, clothes on the bairns, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the constitution.'

Lastly.—We saw that life is full of temptations, and that there was one fatal temptation, at any rate, from which we should be absolutely and under all circumstances exempt.—'Temperance Paper.'

What Senator Depew Says.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew recently declared: 'Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill. It has been a study to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself to see what has become of them. It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead; not one living of my own age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one that proved a wreck and wrecked his family did it from rum, and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, steady and industrious, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives.' The man of God, like Napoleon's guards, does not know surrender.

Some of the municipal authorities in France have had large posters printed and circulated, setting forth the ravages of alcohol, which show that one Frenchman out of every nine is given to drink, and that sixty-three out of every hundred murders are due to alcohol.

Correspondence

Seaforth, Ontario.

Dear Editor,—In all the letters I have seen in your paper, I never saw one from 'C 4th.' I live out of town some distance, and like it much better than in town, as you have more freedom. We own two hundred acres of land and keep a large stock. We have a silo which is a great benefit to the farm. I think it will soon be the prettiest time in the country, as the trees are bursting 'into a thousand leaves.' Again wishing you all success, I remain, R. H. C. (Aged 13.)

Stony Creek.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' this year. I like it ever so much. My brother and sister took it when they were small. My brother is now in the Klondike. I live with my grandfather on a farm; he is 86 years of age, but reads all the papers. We have a very large Maltese cat which catches snakes as well as mice; he is my pet. We live nine miles from Moncton, at Stony Creek.

ABBOTT H. S.

Blanford.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm and I have two sisters and four brothers. We live near a river and we have great fun skating. I have a dog and his name is Fobby. We have great fun with him. We have an organ and my oldest sister is taking music lessons. We take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. We have taken it for over three years.

FLOSSIE L. Aged 10.)

Lansdowne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since January, and I think it is a very nice paper. I always read the Correspondence first and then I read the other stories. My papa is a blacksmith. I have two brothers and one little sister two years old. I have never seen a letter in here from Lansdowne, I like to go to school and go nearly every day. My teacher's name is Miss Robertson and I like her very well. I am ten years old. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine—Oct. 22. ANNIE E. S.

Parry Sound.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have ever written to a paper. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger' there. I like it very much. I have four brothers and two sisters. I have read quite a lot of books, but I think my favorite is the 'Basket of Flowers.' I go to school every day and read in the fourth book. My birthday is on the 27th of February.

M. A. B. (Aged 13.)

Farmington.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have half a mile to go to school. We do not have school a whole year. My teacher's name is Miss Purdy, I like her fine. There is a brook near by home so that I can go fishing whenever I want to. My father has two horses and a two-year-old colt. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and I like it very much. I am twelve years old, I am in the seventh grade at school. My dog's name is Sport. My cats' names are Biddie and Tabbie. I hope I will see this letter in print. CARRIE A. C.

Still Water.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I have seven brothers and one sister. I have a nice time coasting in winter. My oldest brother has two black horses and a black colt. My aunt and her children were here this winter. I have fifteen hens.

WHIDDEN. (Aged 7.)

Kemptville.

Dear Editor,—We are moving to Ottawa and I am spending a few days with grandma and grandpa. I have one little brother, his name is Freddie, and he will be eight years old on May 12. I used to get the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I hope I will get it in Ottawa. Some day I may write again and tell you about my pets. GLADYS M. B.

Midland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am an interested reader of your paper. This is the second year that I have taken it. The first year it was a Christmas present from grandmamma, and a very nice one. This time I got it on my birthday, which is Jan. 10. I have a number of papers (all last year's) that, if they could be of any use to any person, I would be glad to send. Please tell me where and how to send them. ETHEL A. (Aged 13.)

[If you write to Miss Reid, 2710 St. Catherine street, Montreal, she would give you directions about forwarding literature to settlers in the North-West.]

Moncton.

Dear Editor,—As I was renewing my subscription I thought I would write a letter. I got the 'Messenger' as a birthday present last year, and I think it is a very nice paper. I could not get along without it. I have two brothers, one in Alaska and the other in Cuba. I go to the Aberdeen School. I am in the Sixth Grade; there are 850 scholars in the whole building. My teacher's name is Miss Lea, I like her very much. I have a cat, her name is Muff; she is a tortoise shell cat. I am going to have a garden of my own this summer

EMMA Macd. (Aged 13.)

Ocknook.

Dear Editor,—I like reading the letters in the Correspondence. I am seven years old. I have four sisters. My eldest sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I do not go to school, but will when the roads dry. Our teacher's name is Miss Taylor. My oldest sister is going to be a teacher. OLIVE M. M.

Horning's Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm four miles from the beautiful and romantic village of Horning's Mills.

I am in the fourth book. I have a little over a mile to go to school. I take music lessons from my sister. I don't go to Sunday-school in the winter, as it is too far away, but there is one near by for six months in summer which I attend. I have two sisters and one brother. I am the youngest of the family.

HAROLD A. L. (Aged 13.)

Galiano Island, B. C.

Dear Editor,—There are so many letters in the 'Northern Messenger' which I like to read, but I have seen none from Galiano. I hope this will be the first one. We have a nice little home in a lovely harbor called Montague. We have four head of cattle, a nice garden and orchard. My sister has a dog named Britannia, and a cat with three ears who likes to steal milk. I have two sisters, three brothers and a father, and have a mother, sister and brother in heaven. We go to school three miles every day. Our teacher's name is Mr. Wallace. We have church every two weeks. Our former minister's name was the Rev. Mr. Foss, but he went away and we have the Rev. Mr. Young here now. We are going to try to get a Sunday-school started here. My birthday is on Nov. 7.

FLORENCE GRAY.

Craighurst.

Dear Editor,—Not seeing many letters from Craighurst I thought I would write you one. I go to school every day and like going very much. My father has about fifty hives of bees that we all like very much. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, where I get the 'Messenger' from a kind lady. Craighurst is a very pretty little place with one school and one hotel. There are three churches and one blacksmith's shop, and two general stores. Mother as well as the rest of us enjoy reading the paper. I have three brothers and four sisters alive and two sisters (who were twins) dead: they died when they were little babies. We have two geese setting and one has ten goslings. The school is just across the road from my home and I attend regularly. My teacher's name is Miss Morrison, and all the scholars like her. I have a brother going to the High School; he is fourteen years old. I am twelve years old. I wonder whose birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 5. I have a sister born on the daybefore mine: hers is on Jan. 4. I have a little brother born on Victoria Day. He is nearly two years old. RUBY H.

HOUSEHOLD.

Family Discipline a Century Ago.

Little Johnnie was an only son and the pet of his older sisters, as well as the joy and the pride of his parents, and indeed of the whole parish. He was almost invariably remembered in the generous gifts brought to the parsonage, and a cake or a big red apple or a saucer pumpkin pie was almost sure to be brought for 'Master Johnnie.'

When he was about four years old he was invited with his father and mother to spend the day with some wealthy parishioners, who had also an only son about Johnnie's age.

It was a grand dinner and other distinguished guests were there. But Henry, unlike his little visitor, was accustomed to rule his household. The pudding was very nice and according to the prevalent custom was placed upon the table at the beginning of the meal.

'I want my pudden,' vociferated young Henry. He was hushed for a time with lumps of sugar and a good deal of cajoling. But the family could pay but little attention to their guests. It soon became, 'I will have my pudden.' With cries and kicks he soon let himself down from his high chair and lay upon the floor and screamed.

This could not be borne and the mother hushed the cries with, 'There, there, Henry! Be a good boy and don't cry any more and you shall have your pudding.' His plate was filled and quiet restored.

Little Johnnie looked on with wonder and evident admiration. Here was a hero and a conqueror his thoughtful face seemed to say, though he did not put it in those words. The next morning at breakfast Johnnie didn't want his usual porringer of nice bread and milk. He wanted something which he knew he had not been allowed to have. With a little fear and trembling he declared, 'I will have it.' His parents looked their astonishment, but remembering the episode of the day before wisely said nothing but watched the game. Presently he, too, kicked and screamed, and then scrambled down from his high chair and lay upon the floor, in the most approved fashion.

His mother rose calmly from the table, took Master Johnnie by his head and his heels, carried him into an adjoining room and laying him upon the floor said: 'I thought we brought our little boy home with us last night. If we made a mistake and brought Henry we will leave him here till they send for him.' She went out and shut the door. Johnnie pounded on the door and kicked and cried for a few minutes. Then all was still. After a time there was a tiny, timid knock. 'Who is there?' asked his mother. 'It is your dear little boy, come back again.'

Johnnie was in his mother's arms, sobbing his sorrow and asking to be forgiven, and as he told us himself in his old age, 'It was the first and the only time that I ever tried to manage my mother.'—Sarah French Abbott, in 'The Congregationalist.'

Tread-Soft.

(By Mary Applewhite Bacon, in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

They were having their summer rest this year in the country. One morning they walked quite to the edge of the belt of woods shading the sandy road, and sat down to rest under a large red oak. Four-year-old Robin was out in the open space beyond. Suddenly he stopped with his right foot resting firmly on the heel, and the little pink toes well up from the ground. 'Mama! mama!' he called, 'come get the briers out—quick!'

'It's that tread-soft,' he said learnedly, as she picked out the sharp yellow points from the tender little sole, calling the plant by the name he had heard the country people give it.

'It seems to be everywhere,' his mother cried, seeing the gray blooms, with their yellow centres, thick in the sunburnt grass, 'pricking my baby's feet!'

The boy answered with the accumulated wisdom of three days' residence in the country: 'If you don't put your foot down while the briers are in, they won't hurt you,' he said. He had accepted nettles as a mere incident of this glorious breadth of field and wayside.

The mother sent a smile after the sturdy little figure hastening back to its work of discovery among the blackberry bushes but her face clouded again as she went back to her friend.

'Ellen has always been just that way,' she said, sitting down on the green moss, and resuming the conversation where it had been broken off. 'To think of her telling me how to manage my servants!'

Her friend was silent.

'I could tell you fifty things she has done to hurt my feelings in the month that she has been at my house.'

'I thought she said good-bye to you as if she really loved you,' Jennie suggested.

'I don't remember how she said good-bye. I remember what she said that morning at breakfast: "Now, Mattie, try to look on the bright side of things." It is intolerable to have somebody always commenting on my weaknesses.'

Jennie West could think of nothing worth being said. She began to examine the red filaments in a bit of moss.

'I sometimes think I have more things to vex and trouble me than any woman I know,' Mrs. Mills went on.

'You have a beautiful home, a good husband, a lovely child.' A dozen similar replies swept up to Jennie's lips, but she sent them sternly back. After all, she could not know her friend's troubles as her friend knew them.

Robin came hopping up on one foot, holding the other in his chubby hand. 'I stepped down hard before I knew they were in there,' he said, tears in his blue eyes, and his lips smiling bravely. His mother picked out the briers tenderly, but he limped a little as he ran away.

'Why didn't you push them farther in?' Jennie West asked.

'Push briers into Robin's little bare feet!' the mother cried in astonishment.

'Push briers into Robin's mother's poor little heart!' her friend said daringly.

What Do the Children Read?

Tell me, O doating parents,
  Counting your household joys;
Rich in your sweet home treasures.
  Blest in your girls and boys.
After the school is over,
  Each little student freed;
After the fun and frolic,
  What do the children read?

Dear little heads bent over,
  Scanning the printed page;
Lost in the glowing picture,
  Sowing the seeds for age.
What is the story, mother?
  What is the witching theme?
Set like a feast before them,
  Bright as a golden theme.

—A. B. Thomson, in the Australian Christian World.'

Household Hints.

Ice can be kept well even during the warmest weather. Wrap it in several thicknesses of flannel and place in the ice-chest on four crossed pieces of wood so that no water will accumulate under it.

Ants can be driven away if the places they frequent are sprinkled with oil of pennyroyal.

The smell of onions may be removed from the breath by eating parsley moistened with vinegar.

Mildew stains can be removed by rubbing plenty of soap and powdered chalk on the garment and placing it in the sun. It may be necessary to repeat this operation.

Houses may be kept comparatively cool during the summer months by throwing the windows and blinds wide open in the early morning hours and then closing the blinds for the rest of the day.

Pitch or tar stains, it is said, may be removed by rubbing the spot with lard and letting it remain for several hours before sponging with spirits of turpentine. If the color of the cloth be changed, sponge with chloroform.

Canton flannel is to be numbered among the essentials for housekeeping. Bags of it should be made with the nap side out, to slip over brooms for wiping off the papered walls often. Our walls become dusty, as does our furniture, carpets and curtains, and should be often wiped off. Such bags are inexpensive and useful. A large piece of it is very convenient for rubbing silver, in place of the oft-recommended chamois skin. The black will wash out of the nap quite readily, and it gives a gloss to silver.

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